

# Eczema All Her Life.

Here is another case showing that there are few remedies which cure deep-seated blood diseases. Eczema is one of the most obstinate blood troubles. S. S. S. wipes out completely this disease, as well as all other evidences of impure blood, whether obstinate or mild.

There are few men better known all over DeKalb county than Mr. E. D. Jenkins who resides at Lithonia, Georgia. He is the owner of a quarry of the celebrated Lithonia granite, which is so extensively used in several States, and is acknowledged to have no superior as a paving stone. His family has lived in DeKalb for forty years and everybody knows them.

"Ever since she was a year old," he said, in a recent interview, "my daughter, Ida, has suffered from Eczema, and I have never heard of a worse case of this dreadful disease. For thirteen years she has been badly broken out all over her body, causing her untold suffering, and frequently rendering her unable to attend school. Her arms and limbs would crack open and bleed, then dry up and scale off by the handful, and at one time an awful sore appeared on her ear, which became severely inflamed and almost dropped off. The disease also broke out on her head and her hair was a continuous mass of scales. Her condition was truly pitiable.



IDA JENKINS.

"Of course we have done all we could to relieve her, and have given her almost every known treatment. She has taken potash mixtures and various salves and external applications by the whole sale, and almost every so-called blood remedy, all without the slightest benefit, and year by year we could not feel the slightest encouragement that she would ever be well. I was advised several times to send her to Hot Springs, and also to a celebrated spring in Michigan, and was told that this was the only chance on earth of her ever being cured, as the disease was too aggravated to be checked by medicines.

"A few months ago, someone recommended S. S. S., and as soon as her system had taken on the effects of this medicine, an improvement was noticed. She grew better all the while and continued to improve in every way. We were delighted to see her so much better and for the first time felt that she would get well. The medicine was continued a while longer, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is clear and pure, and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever. The cure is all the more remarkable because she inherited the disease, which has been in our family for several generations, and I am happy to find in S. S. S. a cure for a disease which all the specialists in the world fail to cure. I consider S. S. S. a most wonderful remedy, and it certainly has no equal for deep-seated blood diseases which all other remedies do not seem to touch."

This experience is like that of all others who seek relief from the many so-called blood purifiers, only to be discouraged. It is but folly to expect a cure from this dreadful disease by the use of salves, lotions, or any external application. The disease is in the blood, and only a blood remedy can eliminate it. S. S. S. is a real blood remedy, guaranteed purely vegetable, and for real deep-seated blood diseases, has no equal. It cures permanent Eczema, Erythema, Rheumatism, and all of the many blood diseases. It has made some truly remarkable cures of Cancer, and accounts of which can be had on application; our valuable books on blood and skin diseases will also be sent free to any address. Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE.

### TRUSTEE'S SALE OF Valuable Manufacturing Property.

By virtue of a deed of trust made by the American Fire Clay Company (a corporation under the laws of West Virginia) to the undersigned trustee, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1890, and of record in the clerk's office of the county of Hancock, in the state of West Virginia, in the following described property, to-wit: In Deed of Trust Book "C," folios 37, 37, 37 and 38, I will on

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, A. D. 1896, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., proceed to sell at public auction at the works of the American Fire Clay Company, located near New Cumberland, in the county of Hancock, in the state of West Virginia, all of the following described property, to-wit: All that certain tract of land lying upon the Ohio river in Butler district, Hancock county, state of West Virginia, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake on the Ohio river, corner to lands of Freeman Brothers, near the mouth of Holdreth's run; thence down said river south eight degrees west (south 8° west) thirty-nine (39) poles; thence south sixteen degrees west (south 16° west) fifty (50) poles; thence south eight degrees west (south 8° west) fifty-five (55) poles to a stake, corner to lot of Freeman Brothers; thence leaving the river south eighty-one and one-half degrees (south 81½° east, forty-seven (47) poles; thence north fifteen degrees (15° east) fourteen (14) poles; thence with the line of Brown Brothers north eighty-four and one-half degrees (84½° east) one hundred and twenty-two (122) poles to the place of beginning aforesaid, containing one hundred and twenty-three and one-half acres (123½ acres) more or less, saving and reserving, however, the right of the said American Fire Clay Company to a strip of land, conveyed out of said tract to it by Priscilla J. Freeman, sixty (60) feet wide, being a portion of the center line of the railroad tract of said company and fifty (50) feet west from said center line of said tract, and also granting to the said party of the second part all buildings, improvements, machinery and fixtures situated and being on said above described tract of land.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money cash in hand, one-third in interest in six months, and the residue thereof with interest in one year from the day of sale, the purchaser being required to give his notes with good security for the deferred payments, legal title being retained as further security.

GIBSON L. CRANMER, Trustee.

THE INTELLIGENCER PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, Neat, Accurate, Prompt.



STANLEY J. WETMAN.

AUTHOR "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE"

(Copyright, 1896.) SYNOPSIS.

Prosper is the third secretary to the bishop of Beauvais, who, at the death of Louis XIV, becomes the rival of Cardinal Mazarin for the premiership of France, and for the favor of Anne of Austria, the queen regent. By an error in copying Prosper leads the bishop to make an absurd error in stating the population of Paris to the council. Prosper is dismissed with a beating. He is reviled by the bishop's steward, whom he attacks in his rage and is pursued through the streets of Paris. As he is escaping he overtakes another fugitive, who looks around in fear, and throws a bundle into Prosper's arms. Prosper staggers against a door in a wall, which opens, and his pursuers go by. He discovers that the bundle contains something alive, perhaps a stolen child. He determines to restore it, and claim a reward, but as he turns the end of the street, he is tripped up by another man who seizes the parcel and runs off. Prosper makes his way to the suburbs, and seeks refuge in a barn. On awaking, he finds near him the fugitive who tossed him the bundle. The latter is much cast down when he learns that he had given it up needlessly, but is evidently overjoyed when Prosper tells him that a lame man regained it, evidently recognizing a friend. Prosper has noticed a small cape in the man's girdle, bearing the royal crown, and at once surmises that the infant king of France was being carried off. He and the stranger return to Paris, and Prosper takes note of a door at which the man lingers for a short time, before they separate.

## PART III.

But I knew or thought that I knew all now, and the moment he was out of sight, set off towards the Palais Royal like a bound, heeding neither those against whom I bumped in the straiter ways, nor the danger I ran of recognition, nor the miserable aspect I wore. I forgot all, save my sense, even my own wretchedness; and never halted or stayed to take breath until I stood panting in the doorway of the lodge at the Palais, and met my father-in-law's gaze of disgust and astonishment.

He was just off the night turn, and met me on the threshold. I saw beyond him the grinning faces of the under porter. But I had that to tell which still upheld me. I threw up my hands.

"I know where they are," I cried, breathless. "I can take you to them!" He gazed at me, dumb with surprise and rage; and doubtless a less reputable ace-in-law than I appeared would have been hard to find. Then his passion found vent. "Pig! Jackal! Gutter-bird!" he cried. "Begone! Begone! or I will have you fayed!"

"But I know where they are! I know where they have him!" I protested.

His face underwent a startling change. He darted forward with a nimbleness wonderful in one of his bulk and caught me by the collar.

"What!" he said, "have you seen the dog?"

"The dog?" I cried. "No, but I have seen the king! I have held him in my arms!" He released me suddenly and fell back a pace, looking at me so oddly that I paused. "Say it again," he cried, slowly. "You have held the—"

"The king! The king!" I cried, impatiently. "In these arms. I know where they have him, or at least where the robbers are."

His double chin fell and his red face lost color. "Poor devil!" he said, still staring at me. "They have driven him mad!"

"But—" I cried. "Are you not going to—"

He waved me off and retreated a step hastily, and crossed himself. "Jacques!" he exclaimed. "Move him off! Move him off, do you hear, man?"

"But, I tell you," I cried, fiercely, "they have stolen the king! They have stolen his majesty, and I—"

"There, there, be calm," he answered. "They have stolen the queen's dog, that's true. But have your own way if you like, only go. Go from here, and quickly, or it will be the worse for you; for here comes monsieur, the bishop, to wait on her majesty, and if he sees you will—There, make way, make way!" he continued, addressing the little crowd that had assembled.

"I was, my dear sir, for monsieur, the bishop of Beauvais!"



I STARTED, AND LOOKED UP.

As he spoke the bishop and his train turned out of St. Antoine and the crowd at the mouth of the alley, and the entrance. I was hustled and swept out of the way; and, luckily escaping notice, found myself a few minutes later crouching in a blind alley that runs beside the church of St. Jacques, crouching and wolfing a crust of bread which one of the men with whom I had often talked in the lodge had thrust into my hand. I ate it with tears; in all Paris that day was no more miserable outcast. What had become of my wife I knew not, and I dared not show myself at the bishop's to ask; my father-in-law was hardened against me, and at the best thought me mad. I had no longer home or friend, and this at the moment cut more sharply the gorgeous hopes in which I had indulged a few moments before were as last year's snow.

I crouched and shivered. In St. Antoine, at the mouth of the alley, a man was publishing a notice, and presently his voice caught my attention in the middle of my lamentations. I listened at first idly, then with my mind. "Oyez! Oyez!" he cried. "Whereas, some evil person, having no fear of God or of law before his eyes, has feloniously and treasonably stolen from the Palais Royal a spaniel, the property of the queen regent's most excellent majesty—that is to say, that any one, rumble-rumble-rumble—here a passing coach drowned some one, and then I caught—five hundred crowns, the same to be paid by monsieur, the bishop of Beauvais, president of the council!"

"And glad to pay it," snarled a voice quite close to me. I started and looked up. Two men were talking at a window above my head.

"Yet it is a high price for a dog," the other sneered.

"But low for a queen. Still, it buys her. And this is Richelieu's France!"

"Wasn't the other said—pithily. 'Well, you know the proverb: A living dog is better than a dead lion.'"

"Aye," his companion rejoined, "but I have a fancy that that dog's name is spelled neither with a 'P' for Prosper, which was the whelp's name, was it not?—nor a 'B' for Beauvais; nor a 'C' for Conde; but with an 'M'—"

"For Mazarin!" the other answered, sharply. "Yes, if he find the dog. But Beauvais is in possession—"

"Rocroy shook him."

"Still he is in possession."

"So is my shoe in possession of my foot. And see—I take it off. Beauvais is tottering, I tell you. It wants but a—"

I heard no more, for they moved away from the window; but they left me a different man. Urged, less by the hope of reward than by the desire for vengeance, my clerk's wife awoke once more, while the very desperation of my affairs gave me the courage I sometimes lacked. I recognized that I had to do, not with a king, but a dog; and that none the less that way lay revenge. And I rose up and slunk again into St. Antoine, and through the crowd and by the Rue de St. Martin and by St. Morri, a dirty, ragged, barefoot rascal from whom people drew their skirts—yes, all that, and the light of the sun on it—all that, and yet vengeance itself, the hand that should yet drag my thankless, cruel master's fault from under him.

Once I halted, weighing the risks and whether I should not take my knowledge to the cardinal. But I knew nothing definite, and hardening my heart I went on, until I reached the alley between the blind walls. It was noon; the alley was empty, the neighboring lane empty. I looked this way and that,



ON A PILE OF GRASS FOUR MEN WERE STANDING.

and then went slowly down to the door at which the man had halted, but to which as soon as he knew that the game was not lost, he had been heedful not to return.

There, seeing all so quiet, with the green of a tree showing here and there, I began to wonder how I was to take the next step; and for half an hour, I dare say, I awaited to and fro, now in sight of the door and now with my back to it, afraid to advance and ashamed to retreat. At length I went through the alley, and seeing how quiet and deserted it was, I began to feel that the house visible at intervals above the wall, I took at last, heart of grace and tried the door.

It stood so firm that I despaired, and, after listening, and looking to assure myself that the attempt had not been observed, I was about to move away when I espied the edge of the ring of a key projecting from under the door. Still all was quiet; a stealthy look round, and I had the key out. To draw back now was to write myself craven all my life, and with a shaking hand I thrust the wards into the lock, turned them, and in another moment stood on the other side of the door in a new garden, speckled with sunshine and shade, and all silent.

I remained a full minute, flattened against the door, staring fearfully at the high-fronted mansion that beyond the garden looked down on me with twelve great eyes. But all remained silent, and observing presently that the windows were shuttered, I took courage to move, and slide aside under a tree and breathed again.

Still I looked and listened, fearfully, for the silence seemed to watch me; but nothing happened and everything I saw tended to prove the house empty. I stood still, listening, and looking for a bush, reached the door at last, and with a backward glance between courage and desperation tried it.

It was locked, but that I hardly noticed; for, as my hand left the latch, from some remote part of the house came the long-drawn whine of a dog; and cold in the sunshine; and dared not touch the latch again lest others should hear the noise. Instead I stole out of the doorway, and crept round the house and round the house again, hunting for a back entrance. Found none; but at last, guided by the real estate agent, I found a way in.

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and found myself looking, not into the garden through which I had passed, but into one beyond the alley; and there on a grassy slope and yet a step or two more thoughts that I paused, gasping.

On a plot of grass four men were standing, two and two; between them, with nose upraised and scenting this way and that, moved a beautiful black and-tan spaniel. The eyes of all four men were riveted sedately first to the one pair, and then, as if dissatisfied, to the other pair; and then again stood midway and sniffed the air. The men were speaking, but I could not catch even their voices, and was reduced to drawing what inferences I could from their appearance.

Of the two farther from me, one was my rascally bedfellow, the other a crooked villain, almost in rags, with one leg shorter than the other, yet a face bold and even handsome. Of the nearer pair, who had their backs to me, the shorter, dressed in black, was an ordinary worker; the other, however, my eyes were riveted to his companion they passed. He, it was plain, was the chief of the party, for he alone was covered; and, though I could not see his face nor more of his figure than that he was tall and of handsome presence, it chanced that as I looked he raised his hand to his chin, and I caught the sparkle of a superb jewel.

That dazzled me, and the presence of the dog perplexed me, and I continued to watch. Presently the great man again raised his hand, and this time it seemed to me that an order was given for the lame man started into action and moved briskly toward the wall which bordered the alley—and consequently toward the house in which I stood. My companion of the night interposed, however, and apparently would have done the errand himself; but at a word he stood sulkily and let the other proceed; who, when he had a thing to appear—on so little a thing it turned below the level of the intervening windows looked up and caught sight of me at the window.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### STUMP SPEAKING

And Stump Speakers—A Well Known West Virginia Republican Gives the Politicians Some Valuable Pointers.

"Charlie" Caldwell, lawyer, preacher, politician and patriot, has the following in the Parkersburg State Journal:

The origin of the term "stump speaking" is a little bit obscure. In our grandpa's times this country was very embryonic and sparsely populated with cultivated people. Those who were here had eloped from home or some other place. It was filled with Indians, who had been, and were, aborigines, as fast as the aforesaid aborigines, and trees could be ecclesiastically removed, without injury to home industries, the good pious work of removing was carried on successfully. Thus plenty of stumps were secured, and when grass was not making, and the stumps were not cutting down trees for firewood, or were not fishing or hunting, they were making speeches, delivering sermons, temperance lectures and other public announcements, and stumps were invariably used to elevate the oratorical orators. This is where the term originated, and through respect for the only, (I believe) for the way in which it commenced, we preserve it.

That is one reason why our grandpas' legs were so long—running from aborigines and climbing stumps to make speeches, which naturally elongated their lower limbs; and they didn't wear crutches, as the aborigines have, but a stump must be furnished with a stump, either by himself or some one else, and should always carry it with him in a carpet sack.

Each stump should have one made to order, which can be done by sending to the famous Stump's Stump Manufactory Company, Jay county, Mo., giving the weight, complexion, length of legs and subject to be stumped upon. Of course the stump is so arranged as not to encourage stump suckers—either man or other beast.

They are quite a lot of second hand stumps, or hand stumps, which can be had by sending to the famous Stump's Stump Manufactory Company, Jay county, Mo., giving the weight, complexion, length of legs and subject to be stumped upon. Of course the stump is so arranged as not to encourage stump suckers—either man or other beast.

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## FATAL EXPLOSION.

Big Furniture Establishment Destroyed. Several Persons Injured.

DANBURY, Conn., March 3.—By a boiler explosion in Park Bros. furniture cutting establishment to-day a fire was caused which did damage amounting to \$100,000 and resulted in probably fatal injuries of two men. The explosion tore the roof from the building, a small wooden structure of two stories. Edward Parks, one of the proprietors, was thrown down by the explosion and frightfully burned. He may die.

The building was quickly consumed, together with a sash and blind factory adjoining it. The flames communicated also with the Barnum building, the Sherman block and other property, a tenant on an upper floor, jumped from a window and broke her thigh. Frank Eastwood, a fireman, was buried beneath a falling wall and fatally injured.

## Chris Magee a Candidate.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 3.—Something of a sensation has been created in political circles here over the announcement that C. L. Magee, the great Republican leader of this city, is a candidate for the state senate from the Forty-third district. The news was a great surprise to the people of Pittsburgh, as Mr. Magee has never held office in city, county or state, and that was early in his political career. His friends give no reason for his entering the senatorial contest at this time, but the combiners all look upon it as a wise political move.

Among the politicians it is regarded as evidence that the contest between Senator Quay and the combine, which was so bitterly fought in the state convention last year and ended in victory for the Quayites will be renewed in the legislature next winter.

## Senator Manderson in the Field.

OMAHA, Neb., March 3.—Ex-United States Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, has formally announced his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination. In a letter to L. D. Fowler, of Omaha, he emphatically denies that his candidacy is in the interest of another candidate and says: "I am not to be used as a stalking horse or delivery wagon for any aspirant."

## A Close Call.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., is about as widely known as any man in this section. He says: "In April, 1892, I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The attack was so severe that our family physician was immediately called in and for about a month I was treated constantly by two physicians. Continuing to grow worse, I then placed myself under the care of one of the best physicians in this state at Wheeling. I continued to grow worse. I again called in our two family physicians and they continued to treat me for about a year.

I then tried several different patent medicines and liniments recommended by friends, but could get no relief whatever from anything, and after being confined to my room, for over three years all this time unable to wait on myself and suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact, I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering.

In June, 1894, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my arm and limb was swollen more than double its normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. I have no pain, the swelling has left my limb, and I walk anywhere that I care to go. I firmly believe that Chamberlain's Pain Balm saved my life, and we would not be without a bottle of it in the house for ten times its cost." Sold by Druggists C. R. Goetze, W. W. Irwin, C. Schnepf, C. Menckmeller, John Klari, W. H. Hague, H. C. Stewart, B. B. Butt, J. Coleman, A. E. Scheele, William Menckmeller, J. G. Ehrle, Wheeling; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Benwood.

# FRENCH FASHIONS FREE

Illustrated by 6 dolls with 21 dresses, 6 suits, 23 hats, and 35 other articles, furnishing the ladies with the latest French fashions as well as the children with an amusing toy.

## 3 Ways to Get These Fashions.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C., and the Fashion Dolls will be sent you postpaid. You will find one coupon inside each 2 oz. bag, and two coupons inside each 4 oz. bag of

## BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.

Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

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